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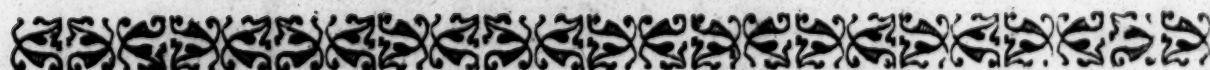


B O U N C E to F O P.

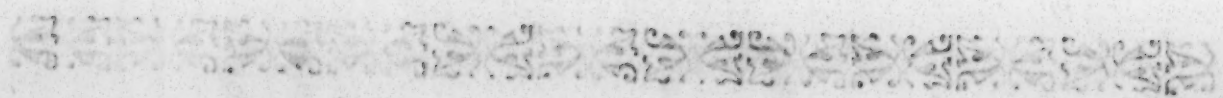
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HEROIC EPISTLE



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HEROICK EPISTLE

FROM A

DOG at *TWICKENHAM*

TO A

DOG at COURT.

By Dr. S—T.

The SECOND EDITION.



DUBLIN, Printed,
LONDON, Reprinted for T. COOPER, in *Paternoster-Row*.

M.DCC.XXXVI.

B O U N C E

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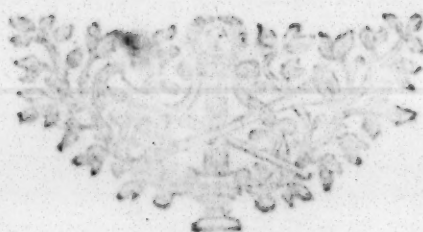
DOG at TWICKENHAM

T O

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M.DCC.LXXVI

B O U N C E

T O

F O P.

TO thee, sweet *Fop*, these Lines I send,
Who, tho' no Spaniel, am a Friend.

Tho, once my Tail in wanton play,
Now frisking this, and then that way,
Chanc'd, with a Touch of just the Tip,
To hurt your Lady-lap-dog-ship;
Yet thence to think I'd bite your Head off!
Sure *Bounce* is one you never read of.

B O F O P!

FOP ! you can dance, and make a Leg,
 Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg,
 And (what's the Top of all your Tricks)
 Can stoop to pick up *Strings* and *Sticks*.
 We Country Dogs love nobler Sport,
 And scorn the Pranks of Dogs at Court.
 Fye, naughty Fop! where e'er you come
 To f—t and p—fs about the Room,
 To lay your Head in every Lap,
 And, when they think not of you --- snap!
 The worst that Envy, or that Spite
 E'er said of me, is, I can bite:
 That sturdy Vagrants, Rogues in Rags,
 Who poke at me, can make no Brags;
 And that to towze such Things as *flutter*,
 To honest *Bounce* is Bread and Butter.

While you, and every courtly Fop,
 Fawn on the Devil for a Chop,

I've

I've the Humanity to hate
 A Butcher, tho' he brings me Meat;
 And let me tell you, have a Nose,
 (Whatever stinking Fops suppose)
 That under Cloth of Gold or Tissue,
 Can smell a Plaister, or an Issue.

Your pilf'ring Lord, with simple Pride,
 May wear a Pick-lock at his Side;
 My Master wants no Key of State,
 For *Bounce* can keep his House and Gate.

When all such Dogs have had their Days,
 As knavish *Pams*, and fawning *Trays*;
 When pamper'd *Cupids*, beastly *Veni's*,
 And motly, squinting *Harvequini's*,
 Shall lick no more their Lady's Br—,
 But die of Looseness, Claps, or Itch;

Fair

Fair *Thames* from either ecchoing **Shore**
 Shall hear, and dread my manly **Roar**.

See *Bounce*, like *Berecynthia*, crown'd
 With thund'ring Offspring all around,
 Beneath, beside me, and a top,
 A hundred Sons! and not one *Fop*.

Before my Children set your **Beef**,
 Not one true *Bounce* will be a **Thief**;
 Not one without Permission feed,
 (Tho' some of *J*—'s hungry Breed)
 But whatsoe'er the Father's Race,
 From me they suck a little **Grace**.
 While your fine Whelps learn all to steal,
 Bred up by Hand on Chick and Veal.

My Eldest-born resides not far,
 Where shines great *Strafford*'s glittering Star:

My

My second (Child of Fortune!) waits
 At *Burlington's* Palladian Gates:
 A third majestically stalks
 (Happiest of Dogs!) in *Cobham's* Walks:
 One ushers Friends to *Bathurst's* Door;
 One fawns, at *Oxford's*, on the Poor.

Nobles, whom Arms or Arts adorn,
 Wait for my Infants yet unborn.
 None but a Peer of Wit and Grace,
 Can hope a Puppy of my Race.

And O! wou'd Fate the Bliss decree
 To mine (a Bliss too great for me)
 That two, my tallest Sons, might grace
 Attending each with stately Pace,
Iulus' Side, as erst *Evander's*, *
 To keep off Flatt'ers, Spies, and Panders,

To let no noble Slave come near,
 And scare Lord *Fannys* from his Ear:
 Then might a Royal Youth, and true,
 Enjoy at least a Friend --- or two:
 A Treasure, which, of Royal kind,
 Few but Himself deserve to find.

Then *Bounce* ('tis all that *Bounce* can crave)
 Shall wag her Tail within the Grave.

And tho' no Doctors, Whig or Tory ones,
 Except the Sect of *Pythagoreans*,
 Have Immortality assign'd
 To any Beast, but † *Dryden's* Hind:
 Yet Master *Pope*, whom Truth and Sense
 Shall call their Friend some Ages hence,
 Tho' now on loftier Themes he sings
 Than to bestow a Word on *Kings*,

Has

† A Milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd. Ver. I. Of the *Hind* and *Panther*.

[11]

Has sworn by *Sticks* (the Poet's Oath,
And Dread of Dogs and Poets both)
Man and his Works he'll soon renounce,
And roar in Numbers worthy *Bounce*.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 7. Line 14. for *Harvequini's*, read *Harlequini's*.

[11]

Has sworn by Swick (the Port's Oath)

And Dread of Dog (the Port's Oath)



Man and his Works he'll soon renounce

And rest in Numbers worthy Rome.

W I W I S

E R R A T A

Page 7. Line 14. for Harpwin's, read Harpwin's.

